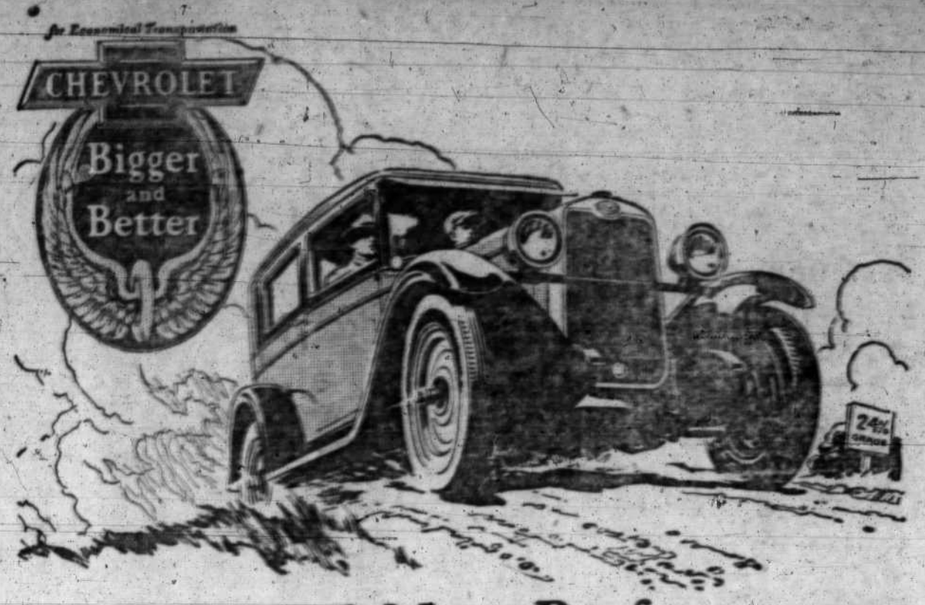

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REXRODE CHEVROLET CO.

Marlinton, West Virginia

QUALITY AT LOW COST

RAILROAD CALENDAR

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway urges a careful study of the distribution of income, as shown on the Calendar above, in which is analyzed the number of days of gross revenue during the year required to meet the various charges and expenses of operation.

W. J. HARAHAN, President.

THE TALE OF THE ELK

From Wild Life by W. E. R. Bryne

The Elk have been duly constituted, organized and declared ready to proceed to business in the first installment of this history, narrative, tale or what you may choose to call it, we will attempt to follow its wayward, devious and distinctly freakish meanderings, with such fidelity and accuracy as might be expected on the part of a fellow forced as to much that will be dealt with, to depend solely upon a recollection never infallible and sometimes most treacherous, of and concerning experiences and happenings extending from dates quite recent to those of twenty, thirty, forty and fifty years ago. Due to the fact that my knowledge with respect to the stream, was for the most part acquired as incidental to my indulgence in the piscatorial pastime, most naturally it is from that angle, (not a pun—which I despise), that the subject should be treated, largely, tho not exclusively.

It was, I believe, in the year 1908, that I first saw the junction of the Big Spring and Old Field Forks. Bill Hamrick and I left his residence at the mouth of Leatherwood, bound for the head of Elk, crossing the mountain between Elk and Gauley, coming to the latter stream at the mouth of Straight Creek, just above Pole Bar's; thence up Gauley to the Three Forks, and nine miles over the mountain to the Forks of Elk at the Harmon Sharp place. We spent some time fishing in Gauley as we passed along reaching the Three Forks about sundown, the second or third day out, and decided to cross the mountain that night. Just as we were about to leave the stream and take the trail across the mountain. In jumping from rock to rock in the bed of the Middle Fork, I got a terrible fall, sustaining a severe injury to my right knee, the pain from which was so intense as to make me deathly sick for the space of about fifteen minutes and a fit subject for the ambulance and hospital had any such been available. Being miles from any habitation, and fearing inaction and resulting stiffness would be the worst thing possible. I decided to try to make the trip across that night—six miles up to the top of the mountain on the Gauley side and three miles down the other side to Elk. Every step up the mountain was painful, but when I started down grade and changed gear the pain was much more intense, and when we reached the Elk at the Harmon Sharp place about 10 o'clock p m, I was "all in" and no mistake Bill built up a camp fire and soon had ready a good supper of trout, bread and coffee, which we disposed of promptly. By this time the moon was riding high in the heavens and Bill hurried away to the river, after enquiring if I would join him. But for the first and only time in my life I was compelled to renege. "No, thank you, Bill," said I, weakly, "I'd better go to bed." Going to bed consisted of smoothing off a place before the fire, that is picking up the rocks and sticks and tramping down the rough places, weeds and briars such as chanced to cumber the ground at the chosen spot, and there depositing myself, with head upon the lap of Earth and the starry dome for a "coverlid". Having selected a rather concave or scooped out place for my bed, I tucked myself snugly in and almost instantly was dead to the world—sleeping a sleep the depth of which no man knoweth who never slept under like provocation. About 4 o'clock in the morning I was rudely awakened by a violent shake and a voice—

'Get up I say—man, you'll drown!'

When I realized what all the fuss was about, the rain was pouring down in torrents in my upturned face, my body half submerged in the water which had filled the trough-like place in which I was lying, and Bill was standing over me with a fine string of brook trout. We hastened over to an old straw stack near by, under which we burrowed for shelter until the rain, heavy but of short duration, had ceased when we rekindled the fire, before which we both lay down in wet clothes and slept for several hours.

And here let me take occasion to remark that a fellow will not take cold on a fishing trip although he wear wet clothing in day and sleep in wet clothing all night.

Next day and night we fished about the Forks and up the Big Spring Fork as far as the water extended, and a short distance up the Slaty Fork which empties into Old Field about one-half mile above the junction. The water was very low and very clear, the dashing rain of the night before having no visible effect either to swell or color the streams Our daylight catch was nothing to be proud of. That night, however, we waited for the moon to rise and then covered the same ground with much better luck as to both size and number.

About noon the following day we left the Forks and started down the river. From the Forks down there is a succession of pools and shallows, swift and eddies, extending for a distance of about three miles, which to my mind surpassing anything in the way of trout water it has ever been my good fortune to visit, excepting only, the three miles of the same stream, between Cowger's Mill and Whittaker Falls which we will come to later.

Just above the mouth of Big Run, which comes in at the lower end of the Harmon Sharp place, there are two splendid holes, which now since the advent of the Rainbow, are generally supposed to have yielded a larger catch of that variety than any other pools of the Upper River, as formerly they did of the speckled breed. From the mouth of Big Run down for several hundred yards the water is quite swift, and, except in very low water, this is one of the best and sportiest stretches for fly fishing anywhere to be found, the sporty feature being to wade and cast upstream and experience the thrill of a good strike when your fly touches the rushing water and the trout whizzes down past you with thirty or forty feet of line out, or darts off to one side, seeking refuge under or alongside of a large boulder or rock cliff. To handle your rod, the slack of the line, your feet, your head—and the trout, all at one and the same time, will give any angler the real thrill of his life. If you are lucky enough to snag your trout and land him, as well, then you get both the thrill and the trout; but if you snag him and then lose him, all you have is de minimus as compared with that which remains.

Right at this point I am reminded of what John L. Dickinson, one of Charlestons' and Elk River's most devoted and successful bass fishermen, told me a short time ago: "If I can hang a good bass and he will give me a real fight and I can whip him and make him come up and surrender, then I am ready to turn him loose for the next fellow." I wish we had more sportsmen of the same kidney.

The swift water dashes around a long curve and against the base of a cliff on the left, turning suddenly to the left at right angles into a slendid long, deep pool extending along the base of a solid limestone cliff for several hundred feet. But in ordinary low water stages, instead of swift water around this curve, there are a number of small pools and swifts, I speak of this place in particular, because it was here in this curve that I first used the dry fly in swift water At the place where I started in wading upstream the overhanging branches on either side made it necessary to wade in the middle of the stream where the water was deep and swift—that is, about knee deep, which is deep wading against swift water. I put out about thirty feet of line and, on the return, stripped it rapidly with my left hand. Nothing happened. The next cast I let out about forty feet, and as the fly was settling down a brook trout met it at the surface of the water and made a straight dive for me. Not quick enough in stripping the line so as to use the spring of the rod in my defense, the pesky thing was right on me and had me completely surrounded, before I could get out of his way—surrounded with about twenty feet of tangled, gnarled and knotted fishing line. As I did not attain sufficiently intimate acquaintance with that particular trout to ascertain his exact proportions, I'll just guess him off at twelve inches After hobbling to shore, disengaging myself from the line, cutting off several yards, too badly messed up for untangling, I tried it again. Getting several rises before I got a real strike, I was becoming somewhat more dexterous in retrieving the line and was congratulating myself, that I was becoming quite an expert, when "bang!" a full grown trout struck the fly as the fly struck the water, with forty feet of line out, and I never knew what had happened until the fine fellow broke water away over to my right next a cliff, and spit out the fly. I hadn't even felt the tug. Then I realized that the novice in upstream swift water fly fishing should not employ more line than he is able to handle. After that, I used about twenty to twenty-five feet of line and finally succeed in landing two nice fellows, ten and twelve inches respectively, but this did not happen until I had lost two or three times as many, one of them being a dandy, which I snagged and successfully steered downstream past where I was standing, but, checking him too suddenly in the swift current, the gut to the fly parted and he kept on going.

Bill and I put in the afternoon fishing down the river in a desultory sort of way for about a mile and a half and there built our camp fire and waited for the moon to rise, whereupon we started in for real business As it was my first visit to that section, and being therefore unfamiliar with the lay of the land, we fished together for the most part, Bill selecting the most likely pools below our camp fire. We would quietly approach and quietly remain at the chosen point until the trout began "jumping," that is feeding on the night-flies hovering about the surface of the water, the splash or ripple thus made being distinctly visible in the moonlight, and frequently the gulp, or whatever sound it is the trout makes when he smacks his lips on a fly, being quite audible. This was our invitation to begin fishing—and many old fisherman will sit out moonlight hours and never wet a line until and unless the invitation is extending with due form and ceremony.

It was by moonlight that I first saw the "Boiling Hole," which is referred to in my yarn about catching the bat, which appeared in an earlier number of Wild Life. The bubbles caused by the water disappearing in the underlying strata and seeking its subterranean channel, were almost as fully perceptible as by sunlight. It i the better part of a mile from the Boiling Hole down to the Black Hole, where the water is supposed to finally disappear and the Dry Bed to begin, but I have seen the Black Hole as dry as a powder horn and not a drop of running water in the channel for at least a quarter of a mile above.

We made a fairly good haul that night, but as I was still feeling the effects of my busted knee, when we had gotten back up the river as far as our camp fire, I decided to hang up for the night. Bill, however, never wastes a minute of the "fishing moon," and, there being fully thirty minutes left, betook himself to a pool a hundred yards or so above the camp fire. I built up a roaring fire and was reposing peacefully, when Bill roused me by touching my face with some cold and clammy. Opening my eyes, I beheld the largest brook trout I have ever seen. As Bill held it up between me and the bright fire light, the thing looked uncanny, and my first exclamation was, "I don't believe it!" When I tell you that the trout was only fifteen inches from tip to fork, yet weighed two and one-half pounds, you will appreciate my bewilderment.

In answer to my question as to how he had caught it, etc. Bill declared, "Partly with my hook and partly with my foot;" which being interpreted meant that it had struck his fly in deep water, and that after quite a fight he had reeled it into shallow water between him and dry land and just as he was about to lead it out on a smooth sand bar, it gave a sudden flounce, spit out the hook and started for deep water, but by a lucky kick he landed it high and dry. The eggs in that trout made a double handful and must have weighed almost, if not fully a pound.

(Continued next week)

REAL ESTATE SOLD FOR TAXES

List of Real Estate in the County of Pocahontas sold in the month of December, 1927, ofr the non-payment of taxes for the year 1925, and purchased by individuals.

Name of person chargd with taxes	Quantity of land charged	Local description	Quantity of land sold	Name of purchaser	Amt. of purchase money
		EDRAY DISTRICT			
Bennett, Roscoe	lot 13	Riverside	1 lot	D. C. Atkinson	$6.80
		MARLINTON CORPORATION			
Alexander Mill & Supply Co	lots 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, Pt 3 and 4		All	Carl L. Sheets	19.98
Wallace, B. S. Estate	lot 4		All	Harper G. Thomas	15.75
Yeager, C. A.	lots 6, 8, 9, 11 and 12		All	J. W. Milligan	60.80
		GREENBANK DISTRICT			
Bowers, Joseph I.	91a 80p	Buffalo Mt.	66a	A. L. Nicholas	13.25
Same	284a	same	142a	same	79.85
Gum, Mack L.	block 2, lot 6	Blackhurst	1 lot	Lela A. Thurston	37.12
Ray, Leonard	6.7a	Leather-bark	6.7a	Uriah Rose	6.38
Wilfong, T. W. est	40a	Buffalo Mt.	40a	Ed Freeman	20.65
Same	38a 40p	same	38a 40p	same	17.77
Same	10a 40p	same	10a 40p	same	7.73
Ward, P. T.	800a	hd. Greenbrier Riv.	All	Dan Wheeler	70.00
Same	381a	same	All	same	35.45
Same	1311a	same	All	same	111.90
		DURBIN CORPORATION			
Kerr, R. B. est.	29a		All	A. B. Kincaid	20.50
		HUNTERSVILLE DISTRICT			
Alderman, Lena	400a	Dixon Land	All	R. J. Lamps	21.99
Lockridge, H. M.	bl 5, lots 1, 8, 10		All	Nellie J. Lockridge	5.90
		LITTLE LEVELS DISTRICT			
Monday, T. S.	10a	Watoga	4a	H. C. Cole	5.65
Same	bl 9, lot 11	same	1 lot	Eugene Mitchell	5.65

List of Real Estate within the county of Pocahontas sold in the month of December, 1927 for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the year 1925, and purchased for the State of West Virginia.

	EDRAY DISTRICT		
Cloonan, Hannah est	60a	Head Swago	15.29
Hill, Annie E.	1a	Stony Cr.	4.62
Sharp, J. Albert	lot 60	Riverside	6.45
	MARLINTON CORPORATION		
Anastasio, Patsy	bl. 30,	lots 16and 17	14.91
	GREENBANK DISTRICT		
Boggs, S. A.	88½a	Deer Creek	7.60
Brown, R. R.	418a	Head Greenbrier River	43.30
Same	616a	same	61.91
Gragg, Wm. N.	58a 50p	Back Ally	25.91
Galford, Nena	lot 20	Burner Add	7.13
Kramer, P. K.	Bl 1, lots 2, 5, 7	Bartow	13.39
Mace, W. F.	Bl 23, lot 22	Deer Cr.	7.13
Same	Bl 5, lot 50	Deer Cr.	7.13
Same	Bl. 3, lots 6, 7, 8	Burner Add.	13.39
Patton, Nettie E.	Bl. 6, lot 3.	Blackhurst	7.13
Robinson, E. W. & M.	Bl. 3, lot 4	Deer Cr.	7.13
Totten, W. L.	8a08p	Deer Cr.	6.65
Same	Lots 12, 13, 14	same	18.08
Same	30x120 ft.	same	7.13
Rose, P. L.	5 lots		10.26
	HUNTERSVILLE DISTRICT		
Alderman, G. W. & W. C.	60a	Cummings Cr.	16.59
Bolten, A. C. & D. O' Connel	40a	Knapps Cr.	87.96
Viquesney, J. A.	bl. 2, lots 9 to 14	Min. Spgs.	6.62
Yeager, Chas. A.	60a	adj. Shrader	7.77
	LITTLE LEVELS DISTRICT		
Cook, A. J.	13a 121p	Seebert	17.34
Lee, Chas. W.	1a	Seebert	6.68
Moore, Lena M.	37a 80p	Hillsboro	78.25
Sullivan, D. P.	19a	Jacox	14.19
Same	113a	Hillsboro	49.59

State of West Virginia
County of Pocahontas, towit:

I, C. C. Clendenen, Deputy for W. H. Barlow, Sheriff of Pocahontas County, do swear that the above lists contain a true account of all the real estate within my county that has been sold by me during the year 1927 for the non-payment of 1925 taxes; and that I am not now nor have at any time been directly or indirectly interested in the purchase of any of the said real estate, so help me God.

C. C. Clendenen,
Deputy for W. H. Barlow, S. P. C.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of January, 1928.
D. C. Adkison, Notary Public.
M commission expires September 28, 1932.

SHEEP CLUBS AND DOGS

A Kentucky farm demonstration agent was holding a meeting in a mountain school house for the purpose of encouraging the growing of sheep. There wasn't a single sheep in the entire district, but there were of dogs.

The farm demonstrator knew that dogs are the greatest menace to sheep raising, so he wrote these words on the blackboard at the little schoolhouse.

"For every dog kept, a loss of $36.50 must be sustained every year. For every sheep kept a profit of $27.50 may be pocketed every year."

The agent had facts and figures to prove the statement, and he did prove it. It was a sad day for the worthless dogs of that neighborhood.

Within a few weeks 15 boys bought a sheep apiece, 11 dogs had been killed and several families, who were not allowed a moment's peace by their small sons, were trying to give their dogs away.

In a short time in that school district there was a Sheep Club composed of 622 boys, who owned nearly 3,000 sheep. There was a big decrease in the dog population and there was a strong sentiment for the rigid enforcement of the dog laws.

The children learned that lambs make better and far more profitable pets than worthless curs. The district was fully $100,000 better off.

The shortage of sheep in the United States is serious. The main reason for the shortage is the destruction of sheep by dogs.

In 36 states over 100,000 sheep have been killed every year by dogs. Not only have we suffered this loss, but we have sustained a greater loss because farmers will not attempt to raise sheep so long as worthless dogs run at large. The dog nuisance causes an annual decrease of fully 21 millions head of sheep.

When we eradicate the dog nuisance we will have more sheep, more mutton, more wool, more prosperity, more happiness.—Edgar W. Cooley of the International Harvester Co.

Colonel R. P. Nicklin, Infantry, D. O. L., Commanding the West Virginia Recruiting District, Huntington, West Virginia, has been authorized by the War Department to accept applications for enlistment in the Regular Army, for the various branches of the service. The quota received is small and young men interested should apply immediately at the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station. The United States Army Recruiting stations are located at Charleston, Clarksburg, Bluefield, Huntington, Parkersburg and Wheeling, West Virginia.

Charles Eanus, little son of Mr. and Mrs. Dean Kelley, died Sunday, January, 22, 1928

A little grave, oh have a care, for
world wide hopes are buried there,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Are buried with our darling boy.
Little Charles how much we miss you
And your face no more we see,
But we hope to meet you where we
will spend eternity.

Father and Mother.

The fifth month of the Thorny Creek School closed Jan. 27, 1928. W. A. Hively, teacher, the following pupils were neither absent nor tardy during the month, Nellie and Pearl Perry, Mary, Juanita, Annalee, Alice Burley, Carl, Floyd and Lyle Hively.